

THIS is the anniversary of the cession in 1800 of Louisiana to France by Spain. In 1803 the territory was sold to the United States by France for \$15,000,000. The area included in the purchase was 1,000,000 square miles, with a population, however, of only 90,000.

The Love Gambler

A NEW SERIAL BY A FAMOUS WRITER

David Rejoices in Desiree's Confidence in Him and Goes to See Her Father to Give Up His Place.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Author of many novels and one of

the country's best-known writers' of short stories.) CHAPTER EXIV.

a grand piano.

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AVID De Laine had another telegram-the second that had come to him within a week. It, like its predecessor, was addressed to "David Smith." This message was from Miss Jeanne Demine's lawyer in Baltimore and requested the recipient to "Come without delay, as important matter nust, be settled."

It must have been dispatched after the sender had received DawM's letter telling him that he ould try to run on to Baltimore before long. Henry Anderson must want to see him in a hurry, the chauffeur reflected. Undoubtedly sch was at stake-more, perhaps, han the young man had let himelf hope after reading the lawyer's ormer communication. He must obey the summons. Now,

it last his duty was clear. He sternly reminded himself of this as he reviewed for the hunredit time the scene between himelf and Desiree Leighton last night. everything now-all the filusions that had been made about the penfant, as well as Desiree's confused

The pendant had disappeared. The girl's father had suspected his chauffeur of taking it from its box in the way to the jeweler's. He ad probably mentioned his suspione to other people-else how would Miss Goddard know of them? for surely she had this in mind when she made veiled remarks regarding the missing jewel.

There had been only one person who trusted him. That was Desiree She had told him thishad told him she had sent him that enigmatic telegram to urge him to stay so that his innocence might be proved. He wendered how it could have been proved. Probably, he nused. Samuel Leighton had wished to watch him while investigat-

David's jaw set sternly. This man had dared think that he-Then he remembered that Sambel Leighton was the father of he girl he loved-the girl who had acrificed her leads of conventions, had not aside the traditions of her lass to send a message to him besause she knew-in the face of all

The New Tea Gowns

THE comfort and luxury of the fashlonable woman has been begutifully provided for in the newest tea gowns and rest robes the smart shops are showing in exquisitely soft, pastel shades of materials. They are cleverly cut and draped, and although these obes appear very elaborate they are really quite simple. Many of the tea gowns borrow their beautiful lines from the rest robes of the Roman and Grecian ladies, and therefore express the grace and art associated with ancient days.

Of colorful beauty and becoming lines was a robe of crepe meteor in an exquisite tea rose tint that shades so beautifully from salmon bink to pale orange. It was cut n one piece and was a slip-on model. The material was folded in two and an eval cut for the neck. The outer edges of the robe were buttonholed together and several nches left open at the top for the irms to pass through.

No teagown would be smart this

eason without its touch of hand embroidery. The front of this lovely teagown was splashed with fare flowers in shades of French blue and orchid, and one can imagine the artistic combination these formed with the tea rose silk. As final charm, there was a silver rope girdle drawn through slits a little below the hips, knotted and tasseled fetchingly at the front. Flame chiffon and silver cloth created another distinctive gown hat was luxurious for the rest hour in the boudoir. There was a imple foundation slip of the silver both cut on straight lines and suspended from the shoulders with sarrow sliver strips. Over this was loose coat of the flame chiffon falling well below the hips, and boasting those petite sleeves of which the Parisienne is so fond. liver lace framed a collar of chifton, and as a final inspiration the

urple georgette. "Distinctive" describes another obe of orchid and lemon crepe de thine, made on the lines of a loose smock and underskirt. Pale lemon repe de chine forms the skirt, which is accordion plaited and atached to a net lining. Soft and rraceful is the smock of orchid that falls over this, and there is a retty girdle of the yellow that slips theif loosely about the waist. Hemstitched bands of the yellow also outline the neck and tiny

designer added a floating sash of

This lovely tea gown might also se developed in mauve and rose. Shades of green are well liked, and one might combine pale lettuce green with jade. If a touch of embroidery is desired, orchids done in warious shades are usually effective on a green background.

Pastel shades are rapidly replacling the lighter tones, such as flesh and pale blue, for boudoir wear. and there is no garment more " churming than the newest tea cre-

evidence against him-that he was honest. She trusted him. The lines about his mouth softened. She had done all that for

For one unthinking moment he had wondered if she had done it because she liked him. Then he had stifled the suggestion. She, Desiree Leighton, was not the sort of a girl who would have any personal feeling for her father's chauf-

She was kind-that was all. Yet there had been a look in her eyes in that dim light last night-Again he set his jaws grimly and, and, taking up the telegram,

He must see his employer at once and tell him that he was about to leave his position, must ask him to release him from his promise to stay with him for a few days

David disliked to do this. Yet Anderson's telegram had convinced him that his future might depend upon prompt action. Moreover, he knew that he dared not see Desiree Leighton again-much as his heart cried out for her.

But he had no real softening of the heart toward Desiree's father. Even while he tried to remind himself that his employer knew nothing of his character, the young man could not smother his resentment at the older man's suspicions of him. Still, for the daughter's sake, he must be courteous and consider-

It was early afternoon. He had received ne orders this morning. Now he went around to the garage for the second time today. Here he was informed that his

employer had telephoned that Smith was to call him up at the earliest Obeying instructions, David was told by a clerk that Mr. Leighton wished Smith to come downtown this afternoon-by 3 o'clock if pos-

"He does not want the car," the clerk explained. "You can come in I will be down in a half hour." Smith said curtly. Then he hung up the receiver and started from

But at the door of the garage a young man, just entering, de-

Looking For a Position. "Excuse me," he said, "but I am wondering if you know of anyone needing a chauffeur?"

Smith scrutinized the speaker keenly. He was young and looked strong and honest.

"Why, yes," he smiled, "perhaps I do. It's rather queer, that you should have asked me that just now-for I am on my way to see my employer to give up my job. It is a good place—but private matters make it necessary for me to leave it. I will mention having spoken with you-let me have your

"Thank you,," the other man said. "I can furnish good references, too I'd be glad to be spared the expense of registering at an agency,

David wrote down the applicant's address and hurried on to the subway. He was glad of this encounter, for, now that he was so soon to tell Mr. Leighton that he could not keep his engagement, he felt vaguely guilty. It seemed almost providential that he should have met a man wanting a place just at this juncture.

"At all events, the old man cannot may that I have nobody else in view for him," he thought. "Although he has been mighty unfair in his suspicious of me, yet I do not care to inconvenience him. But -I wish he had kept his face shut about those same suspicions." A half hour later he entered his

employer's private office. To Be Continued.

The Rhyming **Optimist**

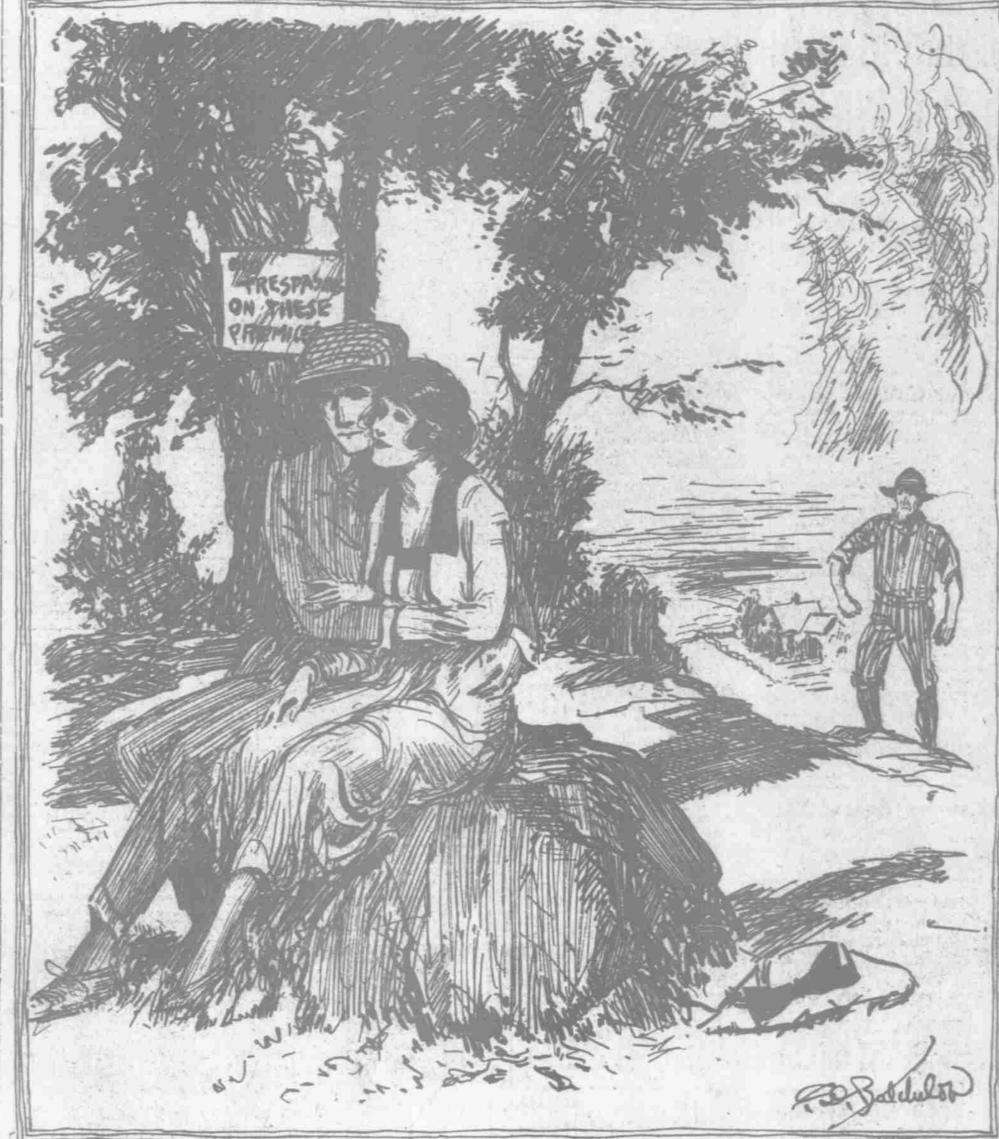
By Aline Michaelis.

WIHEN Columbus went salling. folks said he was ailing. his attic was chuck full of wheels; but we know all his glory, we know all his story and how he got by in eight reels. People then had a notion that out on the ocean were demons and furies and foes; but did Mr. Columbus let any such rumpus disturb in the least his repose? Nay. He said: "There's no knowing just where we are going, but I'll say we are on our way. I'll not let any critter say Chris is a quitter. I'm into this voyage to stay." Though his sailors were wailing, his boats kept on sailing the route that Columbus thought best; though they gave him an earful of chatter quite tearful, he headed straight into the West. And he said: "I'm a master who knows no disaster. I'll sail till the winds die away; I'll sail to the edges of earth's final ledges or else I'll sail 'round to the day,' Though the waters grew stranger, he never feared danger, he thought not of sleep nor of rest. Through those seas all uncharted, Columbus, strong-hearted, sailed straight to the gates of the West. Then the brow of each sailor grew furrowed and paler, his cheeks 'neath their coating of brown. All unfriendly the sea seemed and strangely the light gleamed and fiercely the sun's rays beat down, But Columbus, the master, said "Faster, sail faster!" Ah, he was a man to obey! Through the wild waters wailing they followed unfailing right out on the track of the day. Every child knows his story; they read of his glory, his place in the great's cavalcade, and they know he was master because no disaster could

humble his soul, unafraid.

Every Silver Lining Has a Cloud

By C. D. BATCHELOR



Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. Faint Heart and Fair Lady:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: + I am twenty, am making a good ma ary and in jove with a young giri of nineteen years. Although I have been going about with her far two years, she has not as yet expressed any feel-ing for me outside of friendship. Now I want to be more than a friend to this young woman, whom I regard as a fine type of American womanhood. I have good habits, keep carly hours and gave as much money as I can.
If there is any way of expressing my
affection for this girl, without hurling
her feelings, my mind would be at

ease. I am afrail if she does not return my love I will have to give her up, aithough I dread doing so, as I cannot continue being just a friend to this young woman. ANXIOUS.

It is not usual for a young girl to express any feeling of affection for a young man before he has told her he loves her. She is probably waiting patiently to hear this thing; have courage and tell her. "Faint heart," you know, "never won fair lady,"

Is It Proper?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Do you think it proper that a young man should go about with many young lady friends when he has a chance to keep company with a girl of twenty:

I am nineteen, but look younger, but she does not mind this, and as she has often told me, she loves me and does not want me to go to parties and dance with other cirls. I am asking your with other girls. I advice in this matter. I am asking your

It is quite proper, if you are not engaged, to go to as many parties and dances as you want to. Nineteen is pretty young for a boy to be "reserve," as it were. I should not give up my liberty and good times yet a while. Plenty of time when you settle down.

A Birthday Present. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have known a girl for the past four months and have taken her out a few times. She shows some interest in me. Now what would you suggest giving her for a birthday present?

J. JACK S. Books, flowers, candy or some

pretty little thing for a writing desk make good presents. Jewelry, silver, or anything really valuable is not given unless there is an en-

A Gloomy Outlook.

Merchant-If you don't attend to business better I shall reduce your income by one-half. Chief Clerk-Eh? Only yesterday you said you thought of taking me into partnership. Merchant-That's what I mean.

PATHETIC FIGURES-By FONTAINE FOX.



(Capright, 1919, by the Wheeler Gyndicate, Inc

Twice-Told Tales of Washington

SIR WALTER SCOTTS Young | Lochinvar didn't have a thing on Alexander Watson, a Virginia farmer, who won his bride about thirty-five years ago. And the story of the elopement is well known among many of the Capital's older residents who read of it in the fall of 1885.

Now there lived not far from Washington, over the Potomac in Virginia, a rich farmer, Charles Adams, whose daughter, Bertie, seventeen years old, was the belie. of the neighborhood. Every Sunday afternoon the aultors began gathering on the front porch of the Adams home until the vicinity was literally covered with numbers of heart-sick young men, fairly pin-ing away in the sweet light of Miss Bartle's blue eyes.

Not far from the Adams house ilved a young man by the name of Alexander Watson, characterized by neighbors as a "poor but honestyoung man with a future." Alexander was among those present on the informal gatherings at the home of the countryside belle, and It wasn't long before he was severely smitten. He got a chance to whisper in the ear of Miss Bertie his accret one day, and he was surprised to find himself an accepted auitor. So far as Miss Bertie was concerned, everything was lovely, but for dad-aye, there was the

Wonldn't Listen To It. Old Mr. Adams would hear nothing of it. His daughter was to marry a rich farmer, or none at all, he said. So when Alexander seemed determined to press his suit in the face of the old man's contrary wishes, he was forbidden to come near the premises. But he did, nevertnejess, and Miss Bertie met him 'neath the old apple tree about fifty yards too near the house. For it was there her mother caught her whispering sweet nothings into the ear of her lover. So Alexander found it best to

leave, and Bertie's mother took her daughter upstairs, put her to bed. nailed down the window and removed all the clothes from the room. Now, most young men and the ma-jority of young ladies thus handlcaped would quit, at least for a

But not so Alexander. He appeared that night with a ladder. climbed to the window of his fair one's chamber, and tapped thereon, Followed a whispered conversation, and young Watson descended. Alexander Watson had a brother-in-law

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

66 S that your Hush-a-by, baby, upon the tree top?" Puss Junior asked the miller on entering the old mill. "No, sir-ee!" answered the jolly

miller with a joily laugh. Haven't you ever heard the song about me? This is the way it goes:

There was a jolly miller once Lived on the River Dee; He worked and sang from morn till

No lark so blythe as he. 'And this the burden of his song Forever used to be:

'I care for nebody, no, not I. And nobody cares for me!"'" "Doesn't anybody care for you?"

asked Puss. "It seems strange, for you are so jolly." "Well," answered the miller, "you see, it's this way: I'm here alone all day; there's no room in the mill except for me and the sacks of corn. It all belongs to me even the old willow tree. Every morning a little woman who lives nearby fastens the cradle on the tree-top. You see, she goes to work in the village, so she puts her baby in the cradle and the wind rocks it to and fro

until she comes back at noon. Then she goes away again, and comes back at evening and takes the cradle home with her. The baby is very good-that is, he has been so far; but you never can tell how long a baby will be good." "That's true of everyone," said Puss, with much gravity. "But if

he ever starts crying," said the miller, "she'll have to get another willow tree or another baby. I can't be bothered with a crying baby so close at hand." "But you haven't answered my

question?" said Puss. "Oh!" replied the miller. "Beeause I care for nebody, and no-body cares for me?"

"Yes; I don't quite understand." "Come inside, and I'll explain," said the miller. So Puss walked inside and sat down on a bag of flour. "All I do is grind corn for people," contined the miler, sitting down on a dusty stool. "They bring it in the morning and when they come back in the afternoon the flour is ready for them. Then they take it away, and I'm left all alone. So what do I do? Well, I make friends with a little mouse and a big rate who live in the old mill." And just then the little mouse ran out of her hole and sat down by the miller. "We are great friends, aren't we, mousie?" he asked. The little mouse squeeked, "Yes, Mr. Miller." Then the big rat came out and sat down on the other side of the miller. "Aren't we great friends?" he asked, and the rat replied, "You are the best friend I

"Animals make good friends," said the miller. "Yes indeed," answered Puss, "but rats and mice are so destructive. They eat your corn." "Not much," said the milier, "only a little bit" "We only eat what we need," said the mouse and the rat.

(Copyright, 1919, by David Cory.) (To Be Continued.)

The Locomotive Elopement who ran a locometive on the old Shenandoah Valley Railway. This brother-in-law promised to ald young Watson, and the night fullowing the visit paid to the Adams home there could be seen not far from the house at midnight a locomotive standing on the aiding, with steam up, ready to move out in a minute's notice.

Young Watson bought sems clothes, ladies' clothes, in the village-a complete outfit. He placed the bundle in his buggy toward evening and set out on the long drive to the Adams home. He arrived in the wee still hours of the night and tied his horse to a tree. Alan! Bundle Gaue.

But horrors above! When the hero looked under the reat where he had placed the bundle, the bundle was gone. He wasn't to be daunted, though

and, taking the laprobe, climbed op the window by a ladder and whispered the name of Bertin Bartle, snuggled beneath the covers of the bedclothes, answered very shly she was present, but maidenly modesty forbade her to move. Alexander knew it was to do or die. So he did. With one fall blow he broke the window pane, jumped

into the room, seized his beide-to-

be, blankets and all, and wrapped

her in the laprobe. Then he carried her to the window and begun the descent to the ground, When four feet from the ground the ladder broke and gave them a splil. Bertle let out a yell which weke the dogs and the family, and there was quite a commotion while Alexanden slipped out to the carriage, put his bride in, justied the horse, and galloped down the road while the shotgun of his lrute future father-in-law - began making

the night wild, They reached the waiting locomotive and moved off down the main line toward Luray. Va., arriving there in a few hours. Clothes were provided for the near-fainting Bertie, and a parson was summoned to perform the ceremony,

The bride and bridegroom later were forgiven, and their descondants are living near Washington

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

POO prevent mustard from drying in the mustard-pot, add a little sait when making it.

Candle-grease on a carpet may be removed by means of blotting-paper

Grass stains on clothing should be soaked in paraffin. The gurment may then be washed as usual. To keep cheese fresh, wrap it in

a cloth that has been dipped in vine-

gar and wrung as dry as possible.

Keep in a cool place. When toothbrushes become soft it is possible to make them new again by cutting with sciseors an eighth of an inch off the bristles.

To remove ink stains from linen. pour melted tallow on the marks. Then wash the article, and the ink and grease will both disappear. Carpets may be brightened by

first sweeping thoroughly and then

going over them with a clean cloth

and clear salt water. Use a supple

of coarse sait to a large basin of When preparing vegetables or fruits that stain, a little grease rubbed on the thumb or forefinger will prevent that objectionable ap-

A Slender Diet.

difficult to remove.

pearance on the fingers usually so

"I lived on eggs and milk for two months," said a garrulous lady, "and gained ten pounds." "And I." said her friend, "lived for a year on nothing but milk, and gained in weight every day!" "Mercy! How did you manage to do it?" "I cannot say that I remember," was the reply, "but I presume my method was similar to that of other ba-

BOOKS

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF RE-ALITY, by E. Temple Thurston, New York: D. Appleton and Company.

This well written and interesting novel is a glorious romance of truth and love and idealism clashing with the brutalities of material existence. John Grey and Jill Dealtry are very real persons, the one a struggling young author, the other the well brought up daughter of a once wealthy family, who knows that her parents are dependent for money upon her marriage to a vulgar, kindly old friend of her father. Won by Grey's tenderness and the intensity of his love, Jill promises to marry him, but she is haunted by the thoughts of her duty to her family. Grey pleads for love and freedom with all of a poet's golden words and all of youth's passion, With admirable skill, Mr. Thurston traces the battle in the girl's soul, showing how materialism and idealism struggle for the mastery, while events shape themselves for the inevitable climax. Throughout the book runs. the voice of John speaking for the reality of life which youth glimpses. so clearly and which most of us have lo and forgotten until a story such as this brings it back